THE MORNING AFTER

By Ellen Adair

Christmas has come and Christmas has , veriest mockery. Yes, all the Christmas guns with the old celerity which always strikes us afresh as the most wonderful of phenomena. "Didn't the day just slip away?" we ask each other with a halfawakened, surprised look. And every year we sak each other this same old question, and always with the same wondering intonation.

Yes, Christmas has come and has as quickly gone, and many among us are glad that it is so. For old memories come crowding thick around us on Christmas day, and thoughts involuntarily fly back to anniversaries of other times. The shadow of the great European conflict was with us in the midst of our rejoicing yesterday, a vague, sad spectre at the feast. To those who penetrate below the surface of things there is an undercurrent of sadness in this Christmas season. How many homes in Philadelphia today

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The of Mithe of city, cator her he burful Lower Groun

Griet

veriest mockery. Yes, all the Christmas anthems sounded empty yesterday, empty, sad and meaningless.

Today the "morning after" feeling is with us and it is difficult to shake it off. Yet the New Year is coming, and with the passing of the Old, a brighter future must surely lie ahead. The great business depression that has suddenly swept the world cannot endure perpetually. Behind the clouds a happier prospect lies.

This "morning after" feeling must be shaken off. The happiness of those around us is affected by our optimism, or lack of it. We must deplore the present sad conditions, but though on earth peace and goodwill towards all mankind seem strangely absent in collective sense, we can cultivate them individually in our hearts.

we can cultivate them individually in our hearts.

Each one of us must do our best. And let us recollect that optimism does not mean an egotistical frivolity. The present season is no time for empty foolishness. Work is the only keynote to a rightful sense of personal peace just now. Happiness is too much to ask for, but in work for others we will secure a measure of it. And work is lying to our hands at every turn.

How many homes in Philadelphia today are sorrowing:

"Are festivities, happiness, celebration right and fitting for us now?" we ask ourselves, as tales of poverty and hopeless destitution flock thick around. The great masses of the unemployed are everywhere. Upon the streets one dally sees tired, half-starved faces. The hidden poverty, the silent suffering are worst of all. What can we do? And is it right to rejoice?

Our thoughts fly further, right across the ocean, and we wonder vasuely what the coming year will bring. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," the Christmas singers carol. The words seem like the

The Bachelor and the Spinster Talk

"Ah," said the bachelor, as he spread his legs out toward the fireplace and puffed his pipe to his heart's content, "this is what I called solid comfort. Glad your brother got married to supply it for me. Most considerate of him."

"Oh, indeed! Well, he did no such thing; so you can save your thanks. You always accuse people of your own odd motives. Bob and Nellie married for love, of course. But you don't know anything about that," retorted the

"Oh, don't I?" yawned the bachelor

"Oh, don't I?" yawned the bachelor with a teasing glint in his eyes. "I've had a few platonic friendships in my time, if I do say it as shouldn't."

"Yes, and a lot of goed it did you. There's Doily Gibbs, the sweetest little girl you ever flirted with, and what did abs do? She broke her heart waiting for you, and married that oid fool Wilkins out of pique. You ought to be sahamed to boast of such things. Men are worms, anybow!"

are worms, anyhow!"
"That's not true about Dolly and me;
besides, she never cared for me at all.

"Old you ever look in the mirror, my dear?" asked the bajelor, as he abandoned his pipe. "You knew that I was interested in you all along, I suppose. Women always see through everything-

Modes of the Hour

Hats of minimum size appear to be the favorites of the season. The little "bonnet de police" worn by the French and Belgian soldiers has been copied almost literally or has served as a model for many of the small hats that strike the military note.

The scarcity of trimming is noticeable in the prevailing styles, the use of burnt catrich has been largely adopted, and the suchade has been worked almost to a

It is used independently, so that it constitutes the only trimming, or in coneven with algrettes and the paradise plumss. A flat tailored bow is taking its place out many of the newest models, possibly because the cockade has become

Toques so small that they are not much more than caps, worn at a perilous angle, are still featured, and putry color con-tests the ground with blue and black

The hat with the brim has not been eliminated; the wide straight-brimmed has decided elegance and is exceedingly becoming to clearly cut features, but it, too, has very little in the way of

trinming.

There is the toque with the flaring brine in be considered, and the tricorne, which will carry over into the spring unless predictions fall.

The little hat pictured comes as a relief to those who are a kit weary of the extremely small and jaunty mode of millions.

It is made of dull Pruestan blue cloth and covered with large velvet popples in

the same color.
It does not follow the fashion of show-ing almost all of the colfure at the back of the head, nor is it tilted down over

the right aye. The plature makes it evident that it is the potents makes it evident that it is many of the head, and also that there is not even a suggestion of a till.

The white hat is making a demand for a symiton once more and ermine and arise shunk are used on some of the martest hats of the season.

Biver and gold heald, silver and gold transments, sepecially roses, are beyond

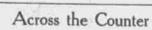
mments, aspecially roses, are beyond asian in the matter of style. Even the its bad some of the vegetables are da of sliver and used in small bunches

charters, that the spring millinery is a stat controllerion of the faunty, desting and the military note. In wreathed with flowers, with dapping here, hats distinctly picturesque, are pur in opposition to the present fash-

is with fachions as will kings. The

Water Softeners outin have filled with carmed in the spaint officher systemight than the sufficient the water. Let Baltimore owner.

Unsurand Women



The increasing vogue of the stock and the high collar makes the novelties in neckwear very desirable Christmas gifts, The little organdle vestee, with a high collar attached, can be found in different styles at 50c., 75c. and \$1 apiece. Those that button from the top of the collar straight down the vestee are very effec-

Ecru lace and organdie are very much the fashion, and now they are used to develop quite charming novelty collars at the price just quoted, 50c. 75c. and gi.
For the girl who refuses to be influenced by the vogue for bundling up the throat, there are charming affairs, collars

and vestees, at \$1 and \$1.25.
One of the newest fancies in bags is the knitting bag of figured Franch challis. The price is \$2. Novelty sachets, developed in all sorts

of attractive ways, are sold for 40 and 50 cents apiece.

The perfumes are of all kinds, even the spices of Araby and the attars of the

Dainty little boutonnieres, always an "That's not true about body and me; besides, she never cared for me at all. She knew I was interested in some one clea all the time. Women are blind, sometimes."

"They see through everything, my dear old ignoramus. And I'd like to see the woman who could interest the likes of you," added the spinster crossly.

"They see are not heavy, but they are prettly chased and especially desirable will be their voice lasts.

apleos.

The little necklet of black velvet that is so extremely becoming, is sold with a little silver silde encrusted with brilliants, at the price of \$4.75.

A Good Work

Miss Margaret Foley is again back in Boston to pursue her work of gaining better legislation for women and children in Massachusetts.

An Umbrella Hint

Before using a new umbrella or sun shade, rub a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portions of the frame. This stance: In England, rehearsal part, for instance: In England, rehearsals last from 11 to 1 o'clock, then comes an hour off for lunch. We return about 2 o'clock





A CHARMING LITTLE ACTRESS

while their vogue lasts.

There are silver and black enamel said Mary Robson, the pretty little Engrences, with adjustable leads, that cost that the said Mary Robson, the pretty little Engrences, with adjustable leads, that cost the collinary handbag.

Sandalwood fans, with carved designs and silken cords and tassels, cost \$1 think the Americans are tremendously and work straight shead with no breaks. ber and I like this country immensely," hospitable, and I don't think I could ever settle down in England after once

working here. "The American audiences are so just, you know-they judge you on your own merits entirely; whereas, in England, if you happen to be advertised a great deal beforehand, your first appearance will bring you loud applause. Americans, on the other hand, don't care a bit about whether you have been advertised or not-if they like you, they will show it, and if they don't, they'll show that, too!

"I came over to America last Decem- | and work till 5, then there is another interval, after which we may possibly and work straight ahead with no breaks

at all!
"Then about the actual performance—
out West in this country we play 10
times a week. There is a Sunday night
performance, and three matiness during
the week. We would think that terribly
hard work in England, for there we only
have ally performances a week." have six performances a week."
"What do you think of the American

indefinable quality known, for want of a better name as "magnetism."
"To toil the truth," said she, in her simple, unaffected way, "I like American men immensely! More than that, I like them better than Englishmen! Of course, I wouldn't say a word against my own countrymen, and naturally I have a liking for them, too—but the American men are particularly nice. In England, the women are apt to spoil the men. For instance, in the average English family, the money and the luxuries

"Do you think that every girl should earn her own living?"

"Indeed, I do!" replied Miss Robson enthusiastically, "There's nothing like independence, and I know that the girl who is independent is infinitely happier than the girl who has to ask some grudging father or mother or husband for money. Every woman ought to learn to be self-supporting. In England, so many sirk-Do you think that every girl should Every woman ought to learn to be self-supporting. In England, so many girls marry just for the sake of a home. But then the system of bringing up sons and daughters in England is not right. Eng-lish wives are too much like paid house-keepers. The girls are brought up with the idea that work—that is work outside. the idea that work—that is, work outside the home—is beneath their dignity, some-thing to be ashamed of, so they don't have sufficient outlet for their energies,

"American sitts do gets lots of freedom, and I believe in that, you know. My, mother is very broad-minded, and brought me up very sensitity. I think she knew that was the best way to manage me, for I have always made good use of the freedom she allowed one."

"Have you been long on the stage?"

"Just three years, was the answer." I am H, and hearn my stage life showth after I left school. I was educated to a convent at Brussels, and this part is the first Knglish' part I have played, for I generally play either in Italian or broken French."

"Vertisan nodded. "I was wondering if Vertisan nodded." I was wondering if

first 'English' part I have Dayed, in generally play either in Italian or broken French."

What is your great ambition? 'Verligan moded. 'I was conducing it you'd see that,' he said quietty. 'Yetlan have farther than you, my friend,' her quiet, affective way, 'my get ambition is to Urake anough money to religate a little cottage in the country. I really mean this, for I do love cotaginy life. 'Pres just come from the Whater Garden in Hery York, when I have been playing to Translak Around.' Yes, I know attention from un.'

Take in Translak Around.' Take I know Casteriyes. It will distract their attention from un.'

'It is religated to the thirty structive, two. Yes, and have lots of friends there.

You up see if steleton same in her you are in steleton same in her you be not a present of the same in both and the same in the present of the same in the present in the same in the same in the present in the

John Brieigh tells Ame that there is something about his sister's life which he thinks she want to know. He says that his sister was never morried, and that the man who loved and left her was killed he does not say by whom.

Ame lature, and then declares that it makes no difference to her love, and she expresses sympathy for Mrs. Travers.

Erleigh is so moved at her ginerous understanding that he says: "I really believe that if I came to you with some shameful story of my own you would forgive me. Anne, would you forgive me?"

DICK MERIET, bankrupt, receives a note from Vertigan, who is in London, that Meriet is being watched. They arrange at interview.

ment"
Miss Robson smiled brightly. She is an exceedingly pretty girl, with a delightful manner and lots of that curiously indefinable quality known, for want of

sinh family, the money and the luxuries go to the boys every time. The girls have to sit back and be subservient to the men. Yes, Englishmen are a bit spotled, and I don't wonder at it, for the spoiling process begins in the nursery, when the little girls have to give in to their brothers. English mammas make such a fuss over their sons, but they don't fuss so much with their daugh-

thing to be sahamed of. So they don't have sufficient outlet for their energies, and often hurry into a marriage which ultimately proves unhappy.

"American sits do guts lots of freedom, and I believe in that, you know. My mother is very broad-minded, and knowship."

"A disguise very proad-minded, and knowship."

JOHN ERLEIGH

SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

Merit.

The Christmas aftermath is on! Little brother sighs with regret that Santa slipped away without being seen and little brother's big sister prepares all her gifts for a trip to the stores.

"There are Joe's gloves! I like the integrated compilment, but I couldn't squeeze not a five and a half. The salengiri who sold them to him must have been crary, and Aunt Jane's lorgnette! Did you were hear of such a silly thing to give a drift I'm going to take it right back and buy something I want. My, I wish verybody was a Spugi"

The next day the innocent salesgirl sets the benefit of some one's poor judge.

This is no exaggeration, such incidents occur with alarming frequency. Giris security with alarming frequency. Giris security with alarming frequency. Giris security with alarming frequency. sold them to him must have been crazy. And Aunt Jane's lorgnette! Did you ever hear of such a silty thing to give a girl? I'm going to take it right back and buy something I want. My, I wish

By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor,"

THARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WIMBERLEY (Anne). She hos been a widow for seven years. The present MARQUESS OF WIMBERLEY, her son Guy, ages 13, who is about to go to a public

ages 13, who is about to wo mode, is dis-school.

LORD ARTHUR MERIET, his uncle, is dis-cussing the important matter with Lady Wimberley. He is the younger brother of the late peer and hetr-presumptive to the

Arthur is not.

Mrs. Travers visits Lord Arthur and aska
him to stop the marriage between John
Erleigh, her brother, and Lady Anne. Lord
Arthur is convinced of her innocence, but refuses to interfere.

CHAPTER IX-(Continued)

DICK MERIET lit a cigar and listened to the story in silence.

"How did the boy know the man

wanted to kidnap him?" he queried, when

"Did the boy tell Lord Arthur about

"No. Denham, the head footman at Monksilver. Denham is a detective,"

Meriet laughed. "Well, it's an ill wind

that blows no one any good," he said.

"It's useful to know that about Denham.

But this other business? Doctor Ander-

"I can't say. But one thing is certain;

there is someone else on the joh."
"Hardly the same job as ours, Vertigan." said Meriet, speaking very slowly and fingering a knife that lay on the table.

table. Vertigan smiled. "I am not so sure about that," he replied. "Perhaps one of your brothers..."
"Oh, I'm in the way. They'd have to

"Don't know at all who he is." "Do the others know, do you think?" "Do you mean Lord Arthur and his

the narrative had come to an end.

the incident?"

private detective?" "Yes."

son?"

"His uncle told htm-Lord Arthur."

and buy something I want. My, I wish everybody was a Spug!"

The next day the innocent salesgirl gets the benefit of some one's poor judgment. Crowds of women pile into the store at once and demand their money back. The giove salesgirl suffers most. "It wouldn't be so hard for us." said one of these girls, "If all the women were not convinced that we don't want them to get the right thing. They come in all prepared to "kick" and they certainly do it. They entirely overlook the stead," she answered.

This is no exaggeration, such incidents occur with alarming frequency. Giris who do this sort of thing lower themselves immensely, besides being indirectly dishonest. It is dishonest of a petty, trifling kind, but nevertheless, it is quite despicable. So if you have received any gifts which might be improved upon keep them. Don't change them you awe that to the person who

and stared at the fire. Meriet began to play again with the table knife, and tried the edge with his thumb.

"There are other matters to be dis-cussed," said the science master after a pause. "I'm afraid Mrs. Travers is

going to give us trouble."
"Oh, I can deal with her," laughed

"I hope you can. The last time I saw

her she told me she was not going to do anything more for us."

THE RETURNING OF XMAS GIFTS to give me a promiseory note for asso-

Meriet pooketed the notes, "You can make your own terms," he replied. "A year from now £350 won't be any more to me than a fiver is today,"

"Write out the note " said Vertigan curtiy, and he took a stamped form from his pocket. Meriet laughed.
"An odd thing for you to keep handy,

"An odd thing for you to keep handy," he said.
"I was going to borrow some money myself." Vertigan explained.
"From me?"
"Oh, no-from a friend. You'd better fill it in at once. You'll find pen and inkton that small table."
Dick Meriet wrote out a promissory note for £20. "Henvy rate of interest," he said. "'a thousand per cent."

he said—'a thousand per cent.'
"Yes, but I am a poor man."
"Well, one of these days you'll be rich,"
laughed Merlet. "You'll have five thou-

sand a year." "I hope so."

Meriet gave Vertigan his note and poured himself out another whisky-andsoda. As he raised it to his lips there was a knock at the door, and the landlady, a stout, cheerful-looking woman, entered the room.

"If you please, sir," she said, addressing Vertigan, "a lady has called to see you—a Mrs. Travers."

The two men glanced at each other,
"Mrs. Travers?" queried Vertigan,

"Mrs. Travers?" queried Vertigan,
"What is she like, Mrs. Appleby?"
"Tall, good-looking lady, with golden

"Did you say I had a friend with me?" "No, sir."
"Well, you needn't tell her that," said

Vertigan. "Please show her up."
The landlady departed, and Vertigan opened the door that led into his bed-"Go in there," he said; "we can't be

toe careful. I'll see what she wants."
Meriet laughed, and, picking up his drink, went into the bedroom and closed the door. A minute later a woman, heavily veiled, was shown into the sitting-'Why have you come here?" queried

Vertigan. "You must be mad."
The woman laughed and raised her veil and showed the face of a stranger.
(CONTINUED MONDAY)

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The per you can. The last time I saw they will be the lots peer and hele-presumptive to the last time I saw they have been a seried of the lots peer and hele-presumptive to the last time I saw they have been a seried of the lots peer and hele-presumptive to the last time I saw they have been a seried of the lots peer and hele-presumptive to the last time I saw they have been a seried of the lots peer and hele-presumptive to the last time I saw they have been a seried of the last time I saw they have been a seried of the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw they have been as the last time I saw there she to did mything more for us."

"The last thou is made and the last to last of many they have been as the last way to denote in the last to last many they have been as the last way. "The have say they have been as the last way to denote they have been as the last to denote the last she too doors they have been as the last to do and the last time I saw the la

"Ah, you passed my lodgings-twice."
"Yes, but took the trouble to disguise myself. And even Erleigh doesn't know my address. All letters are forwarded to a little club I belong to."
"They'll follow you back from the club

sed ma.

Not to speek of a fruntyard full of them at wun and the saim time, sed pop. G winz, I jest bawt it, it cost 8 sents, "if I ever went there."

Meriet smiled. "You're an old hand at this sort of game." he said; "I wish I was half as careful. By the by, have you its a regular aithir, wats the matter with It, I sed.

Insted of going into the harrering destales I will make you a propersishin, sed pop, there is a toy ship leeving sumware erround heer for Belgium in a few days, I bleeve, and if you hand ovir that unholy peece of furniture to be included in the cargo, I will give you a Great Scott:

Meriet rose from his chair and placed
his hand on Vertigan's shoulder.

"Yes," he said in a low voice. "It's dime, the only stipulayshin beeing that

ome to that—things have got to move more quickly now—you understand?"

Vertigan nodded. "Getting to the end of your tether?" he queried.

"Yes—you'll have to keep me in funds for a bit."

Vertigan took your believe to keep me in funds for a bit."

Vertigan took your believe to keep me in funds for a bit."

Vertigan took your believe to keep me in funds for a bit."

Vertigan took your believe to keep me in funds for a bit."

Vertigan took your believe to keep me in funds for a bit." Vertigan took some banknotes from his ing this to Belgian childrin is bekause the poor littel things no lawngir have pocket and counted out £25.
"There you are," he said. "You'll have eny hoams to make misribil with it.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Boastful Mr. Turkey

one night."
"They might do so," laughed Vertigan,

any money?"
"Money?" queried Vertigan suspiciously.
"Yes—I want the loan of £25—this change of name—has put me into rather—well, I needn't explain. I want £35.
"Twenty-five pounds? You want £35?

Great Scott!"

wouldn't dare!"

Mrs. Goose said not a word, but she thought a dozen!

Unfortunately, that was not the first quarrel in the barnyard. Ever since Thanksgiving Day, when Mr. Turkey had escaped staughter so miraculously, his wantly had been cutte unbearable. He

vanity had been quite unbearable. He strutted and he gobbled, he bragged and he exclaimed over his wonderful attainments and beauty, till the other animals



OF COURSE, they didn't kill me!"

was no such wonderful thing, that he mish be killed later in the winter, but he wouldn't listen! He not only refused to listen, he flew at the chickens and the greature in the whole farmyard?"

"Yes-s," conceded Mrs. Goose, grudgingly, "but—"

"No but about it." interrupted Mr. Turkey, pompously, "I am, and they'll never touch ME and kill ME for food—they wouldn't dare!"

Mrs. Goose said not a word, but she

"Nover wind," whitewood Mrs. Goose.

to mean approval and strutted worse than ever!

"Nover mind," whispered birs Gooss.
"I'm sure his days are pumbered! Only two days till Christmas and we won't selim after that!"

"You better be careful yourself," cautioned a fat hen nearby, "some people like geose for their Christmas dinner!"

Nover fear, they'll never find me" et claimed Mrs. Goose and away she sent across the farmyard.

Everyone was so taken up with their

Everyone was so taken up with their own affairs, that no one noticed where, she went, but they could all see Mr. Turkey air attains up and down the yard as big as iffal

blg un ilin! Just then Mrs. Farmer came out of the

"I can hardly make up my miod." always maying to herself, "whether to have goose or turkey for Christmas dimer this

Mr. Turkey didn't quite hear all also said but he understood that she was comparing him with Mrs. Goose. "Morean you hame us in the name areals he exclaimed. "see how much fatter and facer i am than any gross!" And he he exclaimed, "see how mitch fatter and he goobled and strutted life very granded." And he goobled and strutted life very granded. "Oh, I can see you plain endush. You conceived fellow, "lengthed fare Farmer," but where is hirs though? Where we sha! Numerical large to how no award the she lind. "I guess I'll have to kill be lind." She said, and with no more seens the wrong the nock!

sin wring the need!

Edde that wrening Mrs. those record

of "Use, they got bire, she there" she
remarked to thought there are 9 1



A POPPY COVERED CHAPPAU OF PLEASING DESIGN